How imperfect is Expreſſion!

Introduced by Mrs. *Abingdon* in the *Twelfth Night.*

HOW imperfect is Expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart,
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart;
When our boſoms all complying,
With delicious tumults ſwell,
And beat, what broken falt'ring, dying,
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confuſion's roſy terror
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek;
Aſk no more—behold your error—
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.
What tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air,
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feelings view,
Love has nought more fond, believe me,
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true;
From you, I am wild, deſpairing—
With you, ſpeechleſs as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

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